

The Grimsby Independent

VOL. LVIII—No. 3

Grimsby, Ontario, Thursday, July 30th, 1942

\$2.00 Per Year, \$2.50 In U.S.A., 5c Per Copy

FIREMEN ARE IN READINESS FOR ANNUAL CARNIVAL AND DANCE TO BE STAGED NEXT THURSDAY AND FRIDAY NIGHTS, AUG. 6 & 7

To Be Held At Library Grounds This Year—Splendid Entertainment Offered Both Nights — Amusements Will Include Bingo, Ball Games, Penny Games, Wheels of Fortune And Others.

Promises To Be Best Yet Held

Members of the Grimsby Fire Department are busy these days getting things in shape for their big annual two night carnival which takes place Thursday and Friday of next week August 6th and 7th, at the Library Grounds.

The entertainment committee has been exceptionally fortunate in securing the services of the "Canadian Mountaineers" headed by that star master of ceremonies, Russ Creighton, who will play for the street dance on the second night. This group have been here on several occasions and the wide response to their entertainment has forced the firemen to bring them back. Russ Creighton has given his assurance that the programme will be the best yet and those failing to attend will be missing a real night of fun.

For the first night, that is Thursday of next week, will see a top notch programme put on by Charlie Jackson and his group including: The Three Vagabonds, musical comedy act; Maurice Grimsdale, magician; Jeanette and her acrobats; Byron Wade, singer and comedian; Lillian Dilks, dancer, as well as other worthwhile entertainment.

For those who like amusements this has been well taken care of and several of the most popular games will be on the grounds including Bingo, Wheels of Fortune, Penny Games, Darts, Ball Games and Refreshment Booths.

The advance sale of tickets for the draw which includes your admission into the grounds is going exceptionally well and all signs point to a bang-up attendance at this annual affair.

The draw which will be held the last night will be for a dinette set as first prize; one ton of coal for second and a Mosses blanket for third prize. Tickets are 25c or five for \$1.00.

The street dance will be held Friday evening. This is a feature of the firemen's carnival and anxiously awaited by many. There will be popular and old time dances to suit young and old.

A portion of the receipts of this carnival will go toward the town and district war effort as has been the case during the past.

In case of rain the carnival will be held over to Saturday evening.

Farm Service Fore Head Sees Need For Increased Facilities Next Season As Demand For Help Becomes Urgent

In an all-day tour of various centers of the Farm Service Force last Saturday, officials of the Ontario government, as well as of the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A., saw half a dozen different summer homes typical of the seventeen in the Niagara Peninsula which are housing about 1,300 farmerettes. Camps visited were at Oakville, Winona, Jordan, Virgil, St. Catharines, as well as the privately built camp on the South farm.

Mr. MacLaren declared that the success of the camps this year would lead to a further expansion of the Farm Service Force next year.

"The farmers all realize that we are providing a service which they would be unable to obtain in any other way," he commented, and for that reason, they are giving us wonderful co-operation. Some of the growers are providing their own quarters for their help. We still have more demand for girls than we can fill, and we hope to be able to handle more of them next year," he said.

Mr. MacLaren stated that matters of discipline were left to a council of the girls themselves, and that in matters of this kind, as well as in regard to the suitability of girls for the work, as many of the decisions as possible were left to the girls themselves.

"It is really a training in democracy, and I think it is well worth while from a number of standpoints," he said. "The girls themselves decide the hours at which they must return to camp. When a girl is responsible for a number of complaints from a grower, she is assigned to another grower. Then, if she doesn't fit in, the matter is turned over to the council of girls, and they decide whether or not she

should go on with her work. Out of hundreds of girls there are bound to be some who are not suited. The girls' council tries to find out why they are not suited."

The visitors were interested to find a number of British war guests among the personnel of the various camps. The girls from overseas seemed to be enjoying their new life, but all of them expressed a hope of returning home at the earliest possible moment.

In the Virgil camp the girls' sleeping quarters were found to be the classrooms of a public school, while dining room accommodations were in the basement. The blackboards were covered with drawings and timetables, some of the former of a distinctly non-serious nature.

At the St. Catharines camp, located close to the Dominion Experimental station, the girls were living in tents, and this was the only camp for which electricity was not available in the sleeping quarters. In all the other camps, sleeping quarters were wired, and a profusion of radios was in evidence.

Mrs. Thomas Halbron, of the National Council of the Y.W.C.A., told of the workings of farmerette camps during the last war, when she had the position of camp supervisor for Ontario. She stated that the girls in those days did a good job, and the work which the girls of today are doing is just as good.

"Of course, there is much more fruit being grown, and these girls are taking their places on the home front in great style," she said. "The Y.W.C.A. has taken over the responsibility of health, morale, and social life of the farmerettes, the same work we were doing a quarter of a century ago. It's a great responsibility, and we are happy to be able to do it."

TORONTO GIRL NAMED QUEEN OF FARMERETTES BY MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE FOR ONTARIO FROM AMONG SEVENTEEN GIRLS

Girl At Fenwick Center Chosen As Typical Farmerette — Hopes To Enter Naval Service In Near Future — Farmerette Day Was Observed In St. Catharines, With Speeches And Stunts.

Broadcast To Be Heard In Britain

Miss Patricia Abbott of Toronto was last Saturday night named "Miss Farmerette, 1942" during the course of a Farm Service Force broadcast from the St. Catharines armories.

Miss Abbott, who is stationed at the Fenwick center, was the judges' choice from a group of seventeen girls representing the different Farm Service centers throughout the Niagara Peninsula. Announcement of her selection was made before seven hundred cheering girls who had gone to St. Catharines for the occasion.

The broadcast, and the crowning of Miss Abbott, came as the highlight of an evening of five-minute skits presented by the various camps in competition for a consignment of chocolates. After being congratulated by Hon. P. M. Dewar, Minister of Agriculture in the Ontario government, she received the keys of the city from Mayor Charles Daley of St. Catharines. The "keys" took the more tangible form of a ring which was presented by the city.

In presenting the ring, Mayor Daley remarked that the work the girls of the Farm Service Force were doing was important and that they were doing it well.

"If we all play our part in whatever capacity we are best fitted I am sure our efforts will bring victory," he added.

In the course of her remarks, Miss Abbott presented Mr. Dewar with a quantity of fruit to be forwarded to Princess Elizabeth "as a token that we are marching step by step with our British sisters."

Miss Abbott had keen competition from the other contestants, and the judges more than intimated that their decision might have gone to Miss Annabelle Meyer, Toronto, who represented the Grimsby center. "It was a tough one to decide, and it is no discredit to those who were not so fortunate," one of the judges commented afterwards.

The broadcast was recorded, and is to be heard over the British Broadcasting Corporation. It was carried over a network of Canadian stations through facilities of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

The chocolates were won by the girls of Virgil Camp, who had their own camp song.

King Win First Game Of Finals

"Doc" Schwab Star Of Game — Gets Hit In Last Innings To Score Three Runs.

The first game of the best three out of five series between Grimsby Peach Kings and Stop 69 went to the locals Monday night at the Public School diamond before the best audience of the season. The game was very closely fought all the way to the eighth inning when "Doc" Schwab got a hit to score three runs and win the game which was called in the eighth owing to darkness. The only four-bag clout of the night came in the fourth inning by Porthouse of Stop 69 and scored a run ahead of him.

Russ Tufford started on the mound for the locals, but was replaced by Don Scott in the sixth after chalking up 11 strikeouts. Banks, pitching for Stop 69, had seven strikeouts.

Stop 67 R H E
Grimsby 000 201 00— 3 10 1
Batt. 010 020 03— 6 7 2
Sires — Stop 69: R. Banks and Young; Grimsby: Tufford, Scott and Schwab.
Umpires — McBride and Vickers.

Wm. Hewson Was Mayor At Resort

The mayor came home. No, Mayor Edric Johnson was not away—Grimsby has another Mayor, who, according to report, assumed the office without assuming the decor and dignity which one usually associates with the office of the chief magistrate.

At a very impressive ceremony held in the dining hall, the citizens of Cedar Villa Lodge, near Fenelon Falls, elected William Hewson Mayor and duly installed him, seated at the Mayor's table during his tenure of office were Mrs. Hewson and Miss Virginia Hewson, and Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McVicar.

According to all accounts, and there were many of them, things happened during Mayor Hewson's reign. Several contests were run off, and the games organized were just about the limit of what the citizens could keep up with and maintain steady nerves. Croquet, golf, tennis and pingpong were among the issues decided during the strenuous week. Topping off the events was a contest for the largest fish. Mrs. J. H. MacMillan took the ladies' prize in this event, and the mayor, evidently deciding that he had done much work with little glory, hooked the whopper which won the men's division prize. Dr. MacMillan and C. D. Millard, other "citizens" of the lodge, raised little outcry at this obvious graft. The prizes were of a kind to warm the heart of any temperance crank could be but see them being poured down the drain.

Virginia Hewson Named Life Guard At Nelles Beach

Miss Virginia Hewson has been appointed lifeguard at the swimming centre built by the Grimsby Lions Club, and she will commence her duties at the foot of Nelles sidewalk starting next Friday afternoon.

Miss Hewson will be on duty for the balance of the summer season, each day between two and five-thirty in the afternoon, and in the evening between seven and nine o'clock. She holds a life saving certificate.

Local Red Cross Wants Donations For Comfort Bags

Here is an opportunity for anyone with a soft spot in her (or his) heart for a sailor to do something about it.

Grimsby Red Cross committee (meeting in regular session on Tuesday afternoon) in response to a plea from the Navy League of Canada through Ontario Division Headquarters of the Red Cross for 12,000 comfort bags, has undertaken to make and fill four dozen. The cost per dozen, filled, is \$41.90.

Games (such as small cribbage boards, cards, etc.), books, hard candy, combs, soap, handkerchiefs, socks, towels and washcloths (to be made of terry towelling), are required to fill the bags.

Materials for the bags and yarn for the socks will be supplied by the committee, and group leaders will be informed when these are available. Each bag will contain a "housewife" as an extra. Mrs. E. J. Croft is co-ordinator for comfort bags.

Have you two or three old unused eye-glass frames tucked in the back of the buffet or desk drawers? Search them out and see that they reach Grimsby Red Cross Committee quickly. There is an urgent demand from Britain for eye-glass frames.

Momentos of Son's Hockey Overseas Reach Mother Here

Mrs. Edward Rooker is in receipt of momentos of her son's hockey playing as a member of the Canadian army's championship hockey team.

Pte. William J. Rooker, who went overseas with the first Canadian Division, has been prominent in hockey, his team having won the first division championship and played second among the Canadian forces in Great Britain.

Mrs. Rooker received a photograph of the team, together with a gold and silver medal which was presented to the members of the team by the Canadian Legion, Y.M.C.A., the Knights of Columbus, organizations which are providing for the welfare of the men in uniform.

Away Back When

— By FRANK FAIRBORN, Jr. —

EVERYBODY has heard tell of Main street, that busy spot in all small towns, the world over, where all the big things happen. The place where everybody knows everybody else.

Main Street is the center of life. It is where the old town pump first became popular. In the early days it had a rail fence along it to keep the stock on the street; later, hitching posts were erected by the town council and local stores. (Once in 1887 the editor of The Independent said he would give the village some cement posts, but we don't remember them.) They were provided for the farmers, who hitched their teams of horses there to make mud holes along the curb, (you remember those nice splashy holes that the horse took a notion to stamp in just as you were passing) while the farmers traded eggs and butter for calicoes and coffee. Try and find a hitching post today. Local stores have found other ways to bid for trade, but the hitching post once played a big part.

Main street has always been the town's heart-beat. Everything worth while has happened here. Speeches to men returning in '66; torch light parades on the 24th of May; when Charlie Rykert was elected; 1st of July parades; Skip Merian looking for a scrap "Cheap John O'Neil with his wagon selling five-cent calicoes to the women for ten cents a yard — bargains; "Mexican Charlie" selling "gold" watches for a dollar each. Uncle Tom's cabin parades, public auctions; street fairs; peanut and pink lemonade stands, run-aways and arrests — all the civic comedies and tragedies have in time been played upon small town's stage — famous "Main Street."

Johnny Van Dyke, Frank Randall, Johnny TenEyck, Hank Farrell, Amos Fisher and others trying to throw a baseball 100 yards or over; (VanDyke and TenEyck were champs) Jimmie Carr practicing stunts on his nickel-plated high-wheel bicycle; Dick Palmer, with aspirations to become a speed

artist racing down the hill and along the street on a bone-shaking "cushion" tire safety — to come to a spill in front of the drug store.)

It was here Medicine shows, with gasoline torches, banjo players, singers and conjurers thrilled the town folks. Entertainments of all kinds were provided. A couple from the country were publicly married. The local merchants donated a complete housekeeping outfit. This widely advertised ceremony filled Main Street to overflowing. You remember that.

But it is not the same old Main Street it used to be. It has changed greatly. It seems to be more dignified. It seems to be spruced up. Farmers no longer hitch their teams here. Hitching-post wars between the town fathers have ended. There are no mud holes or ruts to fill up.

The gasoline engine chug has replaced the snort of the scared farm horse. Rows and rows of late model automobiles are parked against the curb where once stood mud-covered wagons and weary teams at horse-gawped, rickety posts. You wouldn't know the old place to-day.

The baseball season is here and with it comes tales of "past performances" and future intentions. Away back in the '80's Grimsby had a baseball team that was playing in a Niagara District league of which the Stoney Creek Blue Lines, Beamsville, Merrittton and Niagara Falls teams were members. "Boney" VanDyke and "Mac" McClure were the pitchers and Amos Fisher and Frank Randall caught.

Along toward the end of the season when the contest was getting close, and three or four of the teams were fighting to keep out of the ruck, Grimsby played at Niagara Falls.

Randall was catching and in those days the catcher did not have an Ostermoor to stop the ball with. True they had a catcher's mitt, but Frank got his thumb in the way of

(Continued on page 5)

FIREMEN'S CARNIVAL NEXT WEEK, AUGUST 6 & 7

Sunday School Lesson

SUNDAY, AUGUST 2nd, 1942

Abraham: A Pioneer In Faith

Genesis 12:1-12

GOLDEN TEXT

Fear not, Abram: I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward—Genesis 15:1.

Approach to the Lesson

No one person, apart from our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, occupies so striking a place in human history as Abraham, the Hebrew (Genesis 14:13), as he was later known, Abraham, the father of the faithful.

A Lesson Outline

- Abraham, the man of faith.
- The halfway house — Haran (Genesis 11:31).
- The original call (Genesis 12:1-8).
- Full obedience (Verses 4, 5).
- The tent and the altar (Verses 6-9).
- Failure through unbelief (Verses 10-13).
- Recovery, back to the land (chapter 13).
- Faith's victory over worldly powers (chapter 14).
- God's vindication (chapter 15:1-6).

The Heart of The Lesson

Faith is taking God at His word and acting upon it. This is what characterized Abraham. He dared to believe and to risk everything upon a "thus saith the Lord". This is most precious to God. He loves to be trusted and He never fails the one who confides in His word.

The Golden Age

In the mythologies of most peoples and religions there exists a tradition of a better time, when the earth was the common property of man, and produced simultaneously all things necessary for its enjoyable existence.

The land flowed with milk and honey, beasts of all kinds lived peacefully with others, and man had not yet, by selfishness, pride and other vices and passions, fallen from a state of innocence. The Greeks and the Romans placed this golden age under the rule of Saturn, and many of their poets have turned this poetic material to admirable account, and defined the gradual decadence of the world as the Silver, the Brass and the Iron Ages, holding out at the same time the consolatory hope that the pristine state of things will one day return.

In the histories of various countries, there have been periods of time, which, because of their peacefulness and the prosperity that attended it, have been known as the golden ages of those countries.—Everyday Sayings.

"Nothing is ever accomplished by a committee unless it consists of three members, one of whom happens to be sick and another absent."—Hendrik Van Loon.

We Need Thinking Women

This wartime world calls for a continuous, sustained total war effort by Canadian women. Our contributions must continue day after day with never-slackening pace,—indeed acceleration is necessary. This accelerated war effort now demands from all certain privations and the willingness to renounce comforts and pleasures which have been taken for granted for many years. To meet these demands, people of physical, mental and spiritual stamina are needed; people whose health and morale will enable them to stand both the physical and emotional strains of modern war.

This we all know. As Women's Institute members, we are concerned with what Institutes can do. To knit and sew is not enough. The Institute should be a strong force in the community in the development of right attitudes, in helping all to see where duty lies and in maintaining morale.

Has our Institute Branch placed its weight as an organization behind these regulations necessary to keep our country on a sound financial basis, and to ensure that all available supplies are used to the best advantage? For example, have we worked to create right attitudes toward sugar rationing, gasoline rationing, hoarding and panic buying, that, both by precept and example, we may help others to see and to accept their duty? Are we storing and canning the products of our gardens, so that the reduced supply of commercially canned products (caused by Canada's lack of tin) may be available for overseas and for Canadians for whom home canning is impracticable.

Every Institute meeting should be an inspiration to the members, providing information and concrete suggestions which will help them to see and carry out their responsibilities as good citizens. We need thinking women!

While working for to-day's needs the future must not be forgotten. Already remarkable social changes are taking place, and we must plan for post-war reconstruction. While working at the kitchen sink, or knitting, or in the field, our minds should tackle this problem. We must clarify our own ideals and convictions and keep alive our faith, and search for the practical way to put peace to work. Again, we need thinking women!

—Adapted from Home and Country

Luck

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labour, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy. Labour turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines. Labour whistles. Luck relies on chance. Labour on character.—Cobden.

"Tranquil pleasures last the longest."—Bovee.

THE SECOND PAGE

IN WHICH THE WOMAN-NEXT-DOOR LOOKS AT US, AT OUR TOWN, AND OCCASIONALLY AT THE WORLD

The Church, Or Hitler. Which?

"Your absence from church is a vote to close its doors."

It isn't because the service is dull, or the preacher prosy, or the choir ill-practised, that we stay away from church. One excuse is as good as another when we are in the wrong.

Isn't it rather that through a long series of petty, "harmless" self-indulgences we are losing our moral rectitude and are not comfortable in the presence of our God?

Our failure to back up our claim to Christianity is a strong weapon in the hands of Hitler.

Shall it be said of us that the War was lost because we failed in personal rectitude?

How To Have Beautiful Hands

There is no finer formula for making the hands beautiful than pulling weeds in the early morning while the dew is on them. And remember, a weed is a plant out of place.

First, take the precaution of rubbing the nails in a moist bar of soap, getting it well under the nails and around the cuticle.

Second, wear a pair of gloves.

Third, take along in your pocket a stout, business-like knife to persuade the tough weeds to surrender.

Fourth, know your weeds; and pull them up by the roots.

Every weed in our gardens and fields is an enemy agent.

Reading For The Dog-Days

Summer reading need not be confined to light fiction. We can read to be better Canadians: Many uplifting books about our country are in the Library.

We can read to be proud Canadians: George M. Wrong, Bruce Hutchison, Angus Graham, William Canniff, B. K. Sandwell, and a host of other authors will help to achieve this end.

We can read to be intelligent Canadians: The editorial pages of our newspapers, Maclean's, Saturday Night, one or two good farm papers, will keep us informed on public matters and help us to form sound opinions.

Information, knowledge, and inspiration are on the shelves of our Library for the taking—and using.

"It is nearly an axiom that people will not be better than the books they read."

Zooming Zinnias

Now the gardens are aglow with Zinnias,—crimson, bronze, all tones of rose, cream, gold. There is no better flower for our heat-struck July gardens; it comes into bloom at just the right moment to tide us over until the mid-August revival.

It does not demand luxuries and refinements in the way of soil and situation, and is not given to fine lady ailments. For best results it should be grown in deep rich soil with plenty of space to spread itself and generous watering in hot, dry weather. Nothing will please it more than a mulch of straw or hay to help retain moisture and keep the soil from packing during heavy rains.

The Zinnia comes from down Mexico way, and was first introduced to the flower-loving world by Johann Gottfried Zinn, Professor of Medicine at Gottingen. A local name for it is Youth-and-old-age.

"Gorgeous flowers in the sunlight shining,

Blossoms flaunting in the light of day."—Longfellow.

Fashion Tips Sixty Years Ago

Myrtle green was a particularly stylish colour in 1882, while peacock blue with orange was a favoured combination. Stripes in all materials and widths were the rage, we are told.

Satin-faced plush ribbon was used for bonnet strings, and "rough-and-ready" straw hats, trimmed with a profusion of ostrich plumes, to be worn late in the season, promised wide popularity. Fancy feather turbans were much worn by young ladies, and fur-felt bonnets and hats were being shown for the fall trade.

Plain gored skirts with brocaded flounces were very stylish. And they were skirts—no one could possibly mistake them for glorified loin-cloths. They took plenty of yardage and swept the ground. The lower edge was finished with a dust frill.

The 1880's marked the beginning of the separate "waist" and skirt era. One very attractive garment in hip length, called the Girton waist,—it would be smart for present-day wear, was modelled on the well-known Norfolk jacket. It had three box pleats in the back and three in front, and was pulled snugly around the waist with a wide belt of the material. The two-piece sleeves were tight-fitting with deep turned-back cuffs, and the whole was topped off with a collar cut in eaton style. The waist fastened invisibly under the middle pleat, and a row of large self-covered buttons adorned the front. The only other decorative touch was the machine stitching around collar, cuffs and belt.

Farmerette For A Day

Why hasn't someone composed a new song entitled High in the Top of a Cherry (or Peach) Tree? It would win immediate success, and might encourage those who are timid of the top rung of the ladder to rise to heights hitherto undreamed of.

There is a marvelous view from the top of the ladder, but fruit picking requires the utmost concentration if one is to lag no more than three or four baskets behind the star picker. This ambition leaves little time for chatter from tree to tree, and certainly no time for more than a passing glance at the scenery, though one can sense it is there,—tree-clad mountain on one side,—cool, shining lake on the other, and limitless blue space above. Even the soundless symphony of the atmosphere is only vibrated, not broken, by the swooping planes soaring overhead and the boom of big guns at the other end of the peninsula.

It takes more than a little planning and pushing to get up at five in the morning, breakfast the family, pack lunches, slick up the house for the day, and be ready at seven-fifteen to be picked up and taken to work.

By seven-thirty you are in the orchard, harness on, ladder strategically placed, and pulling cherries—or whatever the crop happens to be—with both hands. Picking cherries without stems is one of the few soft jobs that falls to the lot of a farmerette. The canning factories put them up for pies.

Anyone who gets up early in the morning to go out and pick fruit is a poet perforce. Try it and see.

Our Weekly Recipe

Raspberry-Cornstarch Mould: 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons cornstarch, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, raspberries

Scald milk in double boiler. Mix thoroughly the cornstarch, melted honey, and salt; add the hot milk gradually, stirring constantly; continue to stir until mixture thickens, then cook 45 minutes in double boiler. Beat the egg, pour some of the cooked mixture over it, beat again and return a few moments to the rest in the double boiler.

Pour into glasses, in each of which a handful of raspberries have been placed. Set aside to cool.

Baked Hamburger And Rice

This is one of those recipes popular with thrifty cooks,—it makes a little go a long way.

One and a half cups cooked rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and paprika to taste, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. hamburger.

Form the meat into small cakes, put into a baking pan, and cook on one side either on top of stove or in oven as most convenient. While this is cooking, mix the rice with the rest of the ingredients, then when meat cakes are well browned, remove from pan, put the rice in bottom of pan, turn the meat cakes with cooked side down on top of rice and finish cooking in the oven. Serve in the pan in which they are cooked.

Only One Spider Is Poisonous

There are many different species of spiders found in the garden or in the field and around buildings, says Alan G. Duxan, Entomological Division, Dominion Department of Agriculture. They vary greatly in colour, size, and appearance, but there is only one poisonous spider in Canada, the black widow found in Alberta. The black widow is a shiny, coal-black spider with a red or orange "hour-glass" marking on the under side. Occasionally, tarantula or banana spiders, and probably a few others are imported in shipments from tropical or semi-tropical regions but they do not survive in the Canadian climate.

Practically all spiders in Canada are perfectly harmless, and as a matter of fact are beneficial rather than harmful because they destroy insects in large numbers. Their webs may become a nuisance, and often all that is necessary is to sweep them away. A good fly spray will give control, except in the case of the harmless Daddy Long Legs, or harvestman. A fine sulphur dust may be necessary, but the indiscriminate killing of spiders is not advisable, because they will repay a little forbearance by the number of harmful insects they destroy, particularly the house fly, the carrier of typhoid, tuberculosis, infantile paralysis, and many other diseases.

Our Weekly Poem

JULY

I am for the open meadows,
Open meadows full of sun.
Where the hot bee hugs the clover,
The hot breezes drop and run.

I am for the uncut hayfields,
Open to the cloudless blue—
For the wide, unshadowed acres
Where the summer's pomp renews;

Where the grasshopper father purples,
Where the on-eye daisies thrive,
And the mendicants of summer
Laugh to feel themselves alive;

Where the hot scent streams and
quivers,
Where the hot saps thrill and stir,
Where in leaf-cells green pavilions
Quaint "stars confer;

Where the boblinks are merry,
Where the beetles back and gleam,
Where above the powdered blossoms
Powdered moth-wings poise and dream;

Where the bead-eyed mice adventure
In the playground of the sun.
Life is good and love is eager
In the grass roots green and dun.

—C. G. D. Roberts.

The Native Born

There's a thing we love to think
of when the summer days
are long,

And the summer winds are blowing,
and the summer sun is strong.

When the orchards and the meadows
throw their fragrance on the air,

When the grain-fields flaunt their
riches, and the glow is everywhere.

Something sings it all the day,
Canada, fair Canada,

And the pride thrills through and
through us,
'Tis our birthplace, Canada!

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

VACATION PHOTOGRAPHY



It pays to make vacation snapshot close-ups, like this appealing picture of one happy "summer visitor."

SUMMER vacation time is no longer just around the corner. It has begun already. But the big question still is, "How can I make good pictures of my vacation?"

The answer to that can be found in two words: preparation and planning. What they stand for represents photographic insurance against disappointments or failures.

Preparation for picturing your vacation is just as important as preparation for a canoe or pack trip into the deep woods. Begin by giving your camera a thorough cleaning. Polish the lens with a soft lintless cloth or lens tissue. Dust out the bellows and interior of the camera. If there's anything wrong with your camera get it fixed so that it won't spoil any of your vacation snapshots.

Finally make sure you're well stocked with film. Take at least a 300

half dozen rolls with you. You may also want to carry some accessories such as a filter and tripod, but don't burden yourself with much more equipment. Make it a habit to travel light.

When your vacation begins and the picture making starts, plan to do three things. First, count on taking lots of pictures and then selecting the best for your permanent collection. Second, plan to make your pictures tell a story. And third, resolve that you will take more close-ups of people.

When you approach picture making that way, you'll find that it's easy to create a complete picture story of your vacation. Just use common sense photographic technique, record step by step the things you see and do, and you'll end up with a revealing, interesting, and detailed snapshot record of your vacation.

John van Otter

Make Better Jams and Jellies

Use **CERTO**—
it gives
SURE RESULTS

CERTO Is Pectin Extracted from fruit

When pectin is used in making jam and jelly, the Wartime Prices and Trade Board Order No. 150 allows you to use sugar not in excess of one and one-quarter pounds of sugar for each pound of fruit. On the basis that "fruit" means "unsweetened" fruit, this allows you to make your jams and jellies the Certo way which gives you approximately two-thirds more jam or jelly from the same amount of fruit.

Each of 72
Tasted Recipes
under label
of every
CERTO
bottle



PHONE 26

The Grimsby Independent

"Lincoln County's Leading Weekly"

Established 1885

Issued every Thursday from office of publication, Main and Oak Streets, Grimsby.

Telephone 36

ROBERT W. GLENDINNING
Editor and Publisher

Subscription—\$2.00 per year in Canada and \$2.50 per year in United States, payable in advance.

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True independence is never afraid of appearing dependent, and true dependence leads always to the most perfect independence.

Making Muck

THOSE who have a feeling, and all of us get it sometimes, that "it can't be done" would have had their eyes opened had they been able to travel throughout the Niagara Peninsula with the Hon. P. M. Dewar, Ontario minister of agriculture, and Alex McLaren, director of the Farm Service Force, last Saturday.

Visiting different camps in which were housed several groups of farmettes, they would have found as many different types of buildings converted into fairly attractive living quarters. Girls were living in a public school, and old farmhouse and barn, an old packing house, tents, an old country store, and in a partially built building. Finding what they could and making the most of it, the officials working under Mr. McLaren have provided, out of seeming nothingness, ingenious summer homes for the small army of young girls who have dedicated their summer holidays to the essential proposition that no food should be wasted during war.

The imagination and zeal with which the Farm Service Force has been set into operation this year appears to be matched with by the farmettes, who have brought to their work a zest which is most infectious. From the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. have come much of the furnishings as well as camp leadership. Even from farmhouses equipment has been secured. Fruit crates, in many cases, were transformed into attractive dressing sets with the addition of inexpensive cloth and even coloured paper.

There is an object lesson in this set-up which might well be commended to some of those who confess themselves stumped in the tangle of problems which have risen from our war program. The Farm Service Force has a definite place in the scheme of things today, and it is succeeding because a Scot with a grim determination has accomplished something which many might have given up or have accomplished with the expenditure of huge sums of money.

Passing The Buck?

THE passage of the Veterans' Land Act by the Canadian parliament last week discloses an unfortunate lack of comprehension on the part of our lawmakers, and must have caused some disappointment to those who are concerned with the problems of reconstruction which will have to be solved after this war. Under its provisions, \$3,800 for land and \$1,200 for equipment is to be advanced to demobilized members of our fighting forces to establish them on farms or in commercial fishing.

Passage of his bill must surely be the result of a lack of imagination if it is not a predisposition to find the easiest way out of a problem which is too great for the capacity of our present elected representatives. No Canadian needs to be reminded of the fact that Canada's agricultural industry is still fraught with problems that have all but snuffed out our national economy, and that the hundreds of thousands of young men now serving in uniform are looking for something a little better from the country which they are now serving.

Canadians know too, thanks to the publicity which has greeted them from billboards, newspapers and magazines, that the men in uniform are learning new trades as a part of their army work. When it comes time to demobilize, Canada will have a huge army of mechanics, wireless men, clerks, electricians, carpenters, welders and a host of other craftsmen who must be fitted into civilian life. The provision of the Veterans' Land Act call for instruction for veterans wishing to take advantage of it. Would it not prove advantageous to find these men some sort of work in the same classification with which the army has been training and employing them?

Colonization of demobilized soldiers was at one time a feasible project. That was many decades ago, however, when this country was a sprawling expanse of virgin territory from which was expected to be produced the food needed to support the growing populations of her urban centers. The situation today is quite different. Those who doubted it before the war need no longer doubt that this nation or ours is rapidly becoming an industrial one. Great cities have been built around her ports. The introduction of cheap electrical power has helped in the development of huge steel works, rubber processing plants, automobile plants, and the many other characteristics which have come to identify life in the twentieth century.

Modern agricultural methods have come through this development of our industrial life. A farmer today can produce, with the help of modern

farm equipment, much more than could his father. With this intensification of production, unfortunately, came a demoralization of the farming industry through its clinging to marketing methods which served the fathers of our present farmers, but which are now as obsolete as the equipment which they used. One of the prime reasons for this is that whereas one farmer's production was at one time enough to feed a certain number of people, his production now calls for a new ratio of farmers to population, and this ratio has not been realized.

After this war the American continent will be for a few seasons. Great Britain is at present garbled to for substantial shipments of food, but only owing the greatest crop of agricultural produce in her history. She is close to self-sufficiency than she ever was. There is little doubt but that farming will come into its own in Europe after the war. Russia will be supplying a large portion of the continent's grain needs. Australia will be clamouring for outlets as will the United States and Argentina. The Washington agreement, to which this country is a signatory, states that Australia, Argentina, the United States and Canada shall "adopt measures to ensure the production of wheat in their territories does not exceed the quantity needed for domestic requirements and the basic export quotas and maximum reserve stocks for which provision has hereinunder been made."

What needs governmental regulations under this agreement, and the same situation might be needed in the other lines of agricultural production within the near future. Certain lines, notably butter, were coming close to that need just prior to the war.

In the face of this, the only resettlement program which our country has made for its fighting men on their return is wholly out of harmony with the situation. Our soldiers, sailors and airmen cannot be expected to add greatly to the national welfare by entering a field which is so cluttered as that of farming, especially with present production providing a peacetime problem which is yet to be solved, especially when they have come, for the most part, from our urban centers.

Smithville To Vote Yes

THE vote on whether or not to allow beer to be sold in South Grimsby Township hotels and other authorized places next Wednesday has brought out some very interesting points. The most startling of these is the advertisement inserted in the Smithville Review calling for a "yes" vote on the plebiscite. The advertisement was inserted by a group of businessmen of that community, and among them are to be found the names of several prominent temperance people.

They point out that local prohibition in South Grimsby Township does not mean that the citizens of the township cannot or shall not drink beer. Automobiles have made a great change in the position of the community, breaking down the isolated aspect it possessed prior to the days of modern transportation. Miles become minutes, and with St. Catharines, Grimsby, Hamilton and Dunnville possessed of beverage rooms, it is not hard for the Smithville resident to obtain a drink of beer at almost anytime he wants it.

In addition to this, there has been, in Smithville, a notorious condition arising out of the operations of "blind pigs." These establishments have for some years been doing business almost openly without any apparent danger of their operators being made to answer for their breach of the law. Smithville residents who have discussed the situation have agreed without hesitation that the situation is one for which a solution should be found, and one which gives the community a bad name. They argue that people are bound to drink beer if they so desire, and that the provision of legal facilities for this purpose would change their unlawful acts into acts of law-abiding citizens.

Another point which is mentioned is that business is lost when Smithville residents come to Grimsby and other centers to have their drink of beer. They stop over for shopping which would otherwise be done in Smithville, and over a period of time this amounts to a considerable amount of "away from home" buying.

In a large advertisement in the Review, it is stated that the local option laws were passed in 1910 to create more temperate conditions, otherwise there would have been no object in passing it. "Do you think the people of South Grimsby are more temperate than those of any other nearby municipality which is not under local option?" the voters are asked.

The Firemen's Carnival

THE local firemen are staging their annual carnival on the Library Grounds next week, and indications are that the public will again have good show for their money. Dancing to an orchestra which is well known in Ontario, plus a variety entertainment bill should prove adequate drawing cards for citizens of this district.

There is more reason for supporting the firemen than the fact that they are making a genuine effort to provide a line-up of good entertainment. The firemen, year after year, can be relied upon to provide service which is unique for a community of this size. The calls they receive come in weather hot and cold, during the day and at night, in fair weather and foul. Whenever the call comes, the boys respond with a zeal which has won for them commendation from many officials of insurance companies and estimators. A recent example of this was the fire at the public school, which had it not been properly handled, might have resulted in a greater loss than was actually sustained.

THE DAY WILL COME

From an address opening the 1942 peace conference by VICTOR HUGO

The day will come when the only battlefield will be the market open to commerce, and the mind opening to new ideas. A day will come when bullets and bombshells will be replaced by votes, by the universal suffrage of nations, by arbitration of a sovereign senate, which will be to Europe what the Parliament is to England.

A day will come when a cannon ball will be exhibited in public museums, just as an instrument of torture is now, and the people will be astonished how such a thing could be. A day will come when these two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe shall be seen extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean, exchanging their products, their industry, their arts, their genius clearing the earth, peopling the desert, improving creation under the eye of the Creator and uniting for the good of all these two irrefragable and infinite powers, the fraternity of men and the power of God.

Free Men Will Fight

From San Antonio Express

Was not the Declaration's "All men are created equal" a mighty force at Saratoga? May not the Atlantic Charter to-day move men to fight unto victory that their children may live in that better world which the statesmen have pledged them—"that all the men in all lands may live out their lives in freedom?"

Men will fight as valiantly to defend the faith that is in them—even religious faith.

That is a hard path, but who doubts that this generation will follow it, as their forebears followed it, without flinching? As they realize clearly enough, that is the only road for freedom—the hard road toward Calvary in the service of the highest men know.

Quebec Cannot Isolate Itself

From Le Jour Montreal

We have had to do with patient neighbours. For years they have extended a hand which they wished to be friendly. Bad leaders have counselled us not to take it. Every time one of us took a step toward them they have taken a hundred toward us. We know of what we speak. Certain of our newspapers have splattered abuse over them. They have preferred not to reply in kind and to continue with extended hand. But human nature does not change. By showing hostility and unfriendliness to a person, one finishes up by wounding his heart incurably. When the bitterness we have sowed among others becomes deep enough we need no longer expect favourable treatment from them. That would be a great misfortune for our people. We are not alone in America and we cannot be alone. On the day when we have made complete vacuum around ourselves we shall be on the slope of an abyss out of which we can never climb.

The French Language

From The Orangeville Banner

CANADA may now be considered committed to a policy of bilingualism. The French language has been given such general recognition at Ottawa that it would now be a difficult matter to restore English as the sole language of official expression, whether in the House of Commons, the Senate or in documents and other communications emanating from these two bodies and the many state departments through which they carry on the affairs of Canada. While English-speaking Canadians may be quite willing to accord French an established place as a second language out of courtesy and goodwill to the French-speaking minority of our population, they should feel that the French be regarded as a secondary language. Any attempt to grant it or subordinate the English language in official documents or official communications should be strongly resisted and officials responsible for such attempts should be strictly reprimanded, and if necessary made to do not suffice to work a cure they should be removed from office. It is stated that the authorities at Ottawa print documents in English and French for use in other provinces than Quebec and that the same documents are printed

TARGET PRATICE



"Sh-h-h-h-h!"

Britain's Effort

From The New York Sun

IMPRESSIVE indeed are the figures given by Oliver Lyttelton, British minister of production, to show how effectively the manpower and economic resources of the United Kingdom have been mobilized for war. They answer in a way which the average American can understand a question most Americans at one time or another have asked—what are the British people themselves really doing to win the war? The reply shows that it is difficult to conceive how they could be expected to do much more.

Of 32,000,000 persons between the ages of 14 and 65, 22,000,000—or two out of every three—are said to be working full time in industry, in the armed forces or in civilian defence. This number includes 5,500,000 women in industrial work, of whom 1,500,000 did not so work in time of peace. Of those between the ages of 14 and 17, 77.5 percent of the boys and 67.5 percent of the girls are in war work. Taxes on incomes begin at \$450 a year and rise steeply until they take 77.5 percent at the highest point. Rationing such as Americans have never dreamed of at home the British are taking in

stride. In one year, for example, a British woman may buy no more than one coat, one dress, a pair of shoes, a nightgown, a set of undergarments, two pairs of stockings and four handkerchiefs. The gasoline ration is six gallons a month, but after July 1 the private citizen will get for his own use no gasoline at all.

Some of the rewards of this sacrificial regiment appear in Mr. Lyttelton's figures on production. These disclose that British industry is producing 237,000 mechanical vehicles a year, the rate of production now being higher by 300 percent than it was in the last quarter of 1940. Airplane production is at double the rate for that same period and merchant shipping is 57 per cent higher. Production of all weapons of war has increased by 100 per cent in the last year. The annual output includes 40,000 big guns, with 25,000,000 rounds of ammunition for them in addition to "millions" of small arms and 2,000,000,000 rounds of ammunition for them. All the rhetoric in the world could not tell the story of Britain's war effort more strikingly than do these statistical details.

Ontario Is Quaint, Too!

From The Elora Express

THE county roads are fringed with berry bushes and weeds, too beautiful to be insulted by the name, but weeds, nevertheless. These are soft to the wheels of cars, trucks, the highway and the hurry and bustle. And they lead to scenes and places which we have forgotten in these years when plentiful gasoline has kept us racing from famous sight, rough cement wearing particles of precious rubber from our now priceless tires at every revolution.

Now we travel slowly over the soft country roads and note many things which have escaped us lately—how the cattle stand and lie peacefully in the pastures; the fowl in the farmyards, pattering around about their business; horses drawing loaded wagons of hay, to the welcoming open now, and families playing and helping in this one task which is still a self-contained industry where he who eats has a hand in the production of his food.

Up and down the roads we go, through swamps and over little bridges (trout underneath, without a doubt) and the other night a

touch of old Quebec came suddenly to our notice when by the wayside, behind the white, painted fence of an Ontario farm, we saw an old black cross with the familiar figure of the sorrowful Christ beautifully carved. What its history was we can only imagine. Undoubtedly it is old and with equal certainty, it has been preserved and cared for by the nearby owners of farms. Even its exact location is not known with any exactness, lost in the twistings and turnings which our pilgrimage had followed.

Back on our tracks, and down toward the river, and the covered bridge at West Montrose marked our bearings once more, but in the brief space of an hour, things had been seen that tourists go many miles to discover and to retail to their friends at home as the quaint customs of Quebec and the Maritimes.

There are many things which we will see at our rate of speed which formerly escaped us altogether and we will appreciate them the more in that a drive in the country will be a luxury, not just a hectic flight through space to arrive someplace exactly like the one we left.

ed in French only when intended for use in Quebec. If this is correct it reveals a condition at Ottawa that should not be allowed to continue. If citizens of Ontario are required to use forms and documents printed in English and French, then the citizens of Quebec should also be obligated to use forms that are printed in the two languages. There should be no distinction whatsoever between the citizens of the two provinces in this respect. If any such distinction as we have indicated is being made it indicates that cabinet ministers or heads of their staffs are being deliberately misled to the ac-

tion of subordinates who are actuated by excessive zeal and a narrow bigotry that should not be tolerated for one moment in this enlightened age.

With regard to one's work the desirable feeling is always to expect to succeed and never to think you have succeeded.—Thomas Arnold.

By every part of our nature we clasp things above us, one after another, not for the sake of remaining where we take hold, but that we may go higher.—H. W. Beecher.

Entertained By Grassie Friends

Miss Clara Hopkins and Mr. Harry Tregaskes, popular young couple who are to be married on August 1st, were the recipients of many beautiful gifts at a shower held in Vancourt Hall by their friends in Grimsby. The head table with the grandmother of the bride-to-be, Mrs. Edgar Althouse, at head and Mrs. W. Hopkins, mother of the bride-to-be, seated at the foot made a very charming picture. The party broke up in the wee hours with many good wishes for the young couple.

Shower Held For Bride-Elect

Miss Jane Wisniewski and Miss Helen Wisniewski entertained at a miscellaneous shower at St. Mary's Hall in honour of Miss Elizabeth Wisniewski whose marriage to Edward Taternick of Thorold takes place this Saturday. There were fifty guests present and the guest of honour was the recipient of many lovely gifts. A mock wedding put on by a group of young men provided much laughter during the evening. At the conclusion of the entertainment a very pleasant luncheon was enjoyed.

Trinity United Church

SUNDAY, AUGUST 2, 1942

Services 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Conducted by the pastor, Rev. W. J. Watt.
Everybody Welcome.

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Vegetables—And All About Them

Variety in Vegetables
Harvest season brings a rich profusion of vegetables, but whatever the season, Canadian markets are filled with an excellent variety of vegetables. Eat them every day, cooked and raw; two or more kinds daily. Learn to eat new kinds, cooked in new ways.

Why Different Kinds
First on the list — dark green leaves, as kale, chard, spinach, beet and turnip tops, dandelion and mustard greens — rich in iron and vitamins.

Lighter green leaves—as lettuce and cabbage eaten raw—crisp and fresh—good for vitamin C.

Yellow vegetables — as squash, sweet potatoes, yams, carrots and pumpkins—fine for vitamin A.

Dried peas, beans, lentils—don't forget that they contain protein and can be substituted for meat once or twice a week.

Other vegetables — as green beans, green peas, lima beans, onions and celery—give you less minerals and vitamins but are good for you and are a change.

How To Buy Vegetables
Buy vegetables in season—they are cheaper and fresher.

Choose bright, firm, well formed vegetables.

Buy best with fresh green tops thus having two vegetables for the price of one.

Buy by the pound rather than by the bunch, as carrots and broccoli; it is less expensive.

Vegetables with little waste, as string beans and spinach, are cheaper than green peas or lima beans even though they may cost a few cents more a pound.

How To Cook Them

Wash thoroughly, particularly leafy varieties, but do not soak in water for this removes some of the vitamin and mineral content.

Cook in the smallest possible amount of boiling salted water. Leafy vegetables usually have enough water clinging to them from the washing; for others about one-half inch in the bottom of the kettle is enough.

Vegetables are better undercooked than overcooked. Most people overcook. When you get used to undercooked ones you'll prefer them.

Whenever possible, cook vegetables in their skins; skin protects the mineral and vitamins.

Never add soda to vegetables; it destroys vitamins.

Save the water in which vegetables are cooked as an appetizer mixed with tomato juice, in soup or gravy. It contains much of the vegetable's mineral and vitamins, particularly the B family and C.

A postal request to the Health League of Canada, 111 Avenue Road, Toronto, Ontario will bring you a free vitamin chart and booklet "Canadian Vegetables for Every Day."

Bride-To-Be Entertained

Miss Clara Hopkins, whose marriage to Mr. Harry Tregaskes takes place in August, was the recipient of many lovely gifts at a miscellaneous shower given in her honour by Mrs. John A. McCallum on Tuesday evening. She was also the guest of honour at a cup and saucer shower given by Mrs. Clifford McCarty last Friday evening.

"We women do talk too much, but even then we don't tell half we know."—Lady Esquith.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Anderson spent Sunday visiting in Toronto.

Mrs. H. T. Jewson and daughter, Phyllis, spent the weekend in Toronto.

Marguerite and Leslie Walters, Oak street, are spending a holiday in St. Catharines.

Mr. Roy Smye spent Saturday attending the Stopp-Ockenden wedding.

Mrs. Edna Tice of Buffalo, N.Y., spent a few days last week with Mrs. James Fisher, Oak street.

Mrs. P. Feiler, Oak street, is spending a few days this week visiting in Hamilton.

Miss Grace Robinson of Toronto spent the weekend at the home of Mrs. Frank Hill, Clark St.

Mrs. A. Fitch of Buffalo, N.Y. is spending two weeks with her cousin, Mrs. C. Burgess, Grimsby.

Mrs. Wm. Jose, Grimsby Beach, entertained a party of friends from Toronto at tea on Saturday afternoon.

Joy and Dick Yorke, Palen St., were visitors in Toronto last week at the home of their aunt, Mrs. V. Cox.

Miss Helen McInven and Miss Kay Jeffries are spending a holiday at Woodland Beach, Georgian Bay.

Miss Joyce Shelton is enjoying a week's vacation from her duties as manageress of Carroll's Ltd., branch at Grimsby.

Mrs. V. Cox, Toronto, was a week-end visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Wheeler, Depot St., where Miss Barbara Cox, also of Toronto, is spending a ten-day's leave.

Little Larry Lambert, young son of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Lambert, Elm street, has returned after spending a week's vacation at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Locke, Beamsville.

Mr. Lionel Denison, who has been called, has volunteered and been accepted in the Navy. He leaves at his home, his wife, the former Miss Muriel Joy, and their infant daughter, Joy-Anne.

Mr. Linton Denison is engaged to Miss Margaret Jones, B.A., of Toronto, daughter of Mrs. Jones and the late Magistrate Jones, and granddaughter of the late Rev. Canon Septimus Jones. They expect to be married this autumn.

Miss Joan Haworth who has volunteered and been accepted in the R.C.A.F. Women's Division reports for duty in Hamilton on August 21st from whence she will leave for Ottawa on the following day. Her many friends wish her the best of luck.

About thirty friends and relatives gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Walters, Grimsby Beach, on Sunday, July 26, in honour of L.A.C. Stanley and A.C. 1 Donald Walters who have been home on leave together and are leaving for their stations sometime this week.

Red Cross Aided By Young Folks

Grimsby's all-out war effort is certainly taking hold. Wednesday evening a group of young boys and girls ranging from the ages of 6 to 13 put on a program of entertainment for their parents and friends. This entertainment was held on the lawn of Mrs. John Hewitt's home on Robinson street, south. There was an admission charge of 5c and when totalling up the evening's receipts, it was found that the young folks had earned \$3.38 for the local Red Cross branch. Those young people taking part in the program were: Jimmy Liles, as master of ceremonies, Mary and Jackie Hewitt, Lois Morningstar, Mary and Elaine Tomlinson, Irene and Bobby Jones, Agnes Stewart and Louis Jones. Mr. and Mrs. William Liles and Mrs. A. Cloughley attended in costume and at the conclusion of the program presented each little girl with a bouquet of flowers and each boy with a candy sucker. Refreshments were then served and enjoyed by all.

TREAD LIGHTLY PLEASE!

Cork is used in the manufacture of linoleum, mats, penholders, bottle tops, and numerous other items. Much of Canada's supply is being diverted to war industries.

Too Much Sun Is Dangerous

A warning against too much sun bathing is given by Dr. Norman Wrong, in an article in Health Magazine, organ of the Health League of Canada. Dr. Wrong, demonstrator in dermatology, University of Toronto, discusses facts and fallacies about the skin.

The chief function of the skin is to protect and cover, but "Equally important, however, are its functions of heat regulation, of elimination of sweat and of acquainting us with our surroundings through its sensory nerves," he declares.

"The skin is admirably suited to resist harmful physical agents such as heat, cold, drying, wetting, abrasives and minor violence," Dr. Wrong points out. "If this were not so, humans could not live in the tropics, the arctic, on the desert and in the water. Fats and oils can be applied to the skin and will lubricate and soften, but are not absorbed. The skin can not be nourished or 'fed' by rubbing in a cream any more than a piece of leather can be 'fed' by oiling it. Vitamins added to skin creams are practically useless in their effects."

Our skin resists chemicals extremely well, according to Dr. Wrong, with the exception of such rare chemicals as mustard gas. It also resists remarkably well the invasion of most bacteria encountered. Pimples and boils are purely local skin infections, he declares. It is dangerous to have too much sun, although "our skin offers fair protection against the ultraviolet rays of the sun."

Tanning is an effort on the part of our skin to protect us further and, of course, the negro has the most protection of all against the sun's rays. Sun bathing, in moderation, is very healthful and undoubtedly increases our resistance to infection, and is a sure prevention of rickets. However, the vague for sun-bathing is undoubtedly as harmful as moderate sun-bathing is healthful. Severe sunburn can make a person as ill as a heat burn, and sunstroke is not uncommon here.

"In Australia," Dr. Wrong states, "where sun bathing is almost a religion, the amount of skin cancer is greater than anywhere else in the world." He concludes: "Fair people must use discretion and moderation in their sun-bathing."

Tea Under White Elephant Shop Auspices Friday

The ladies of the White Elephant Shop are holding a tea at the home of Mrs. Frank Woolverton, Mountain street, tomorrow afternoon between the hours of four and six.

The tea is being held to further the work of the White Elephant Shop on Main Street west, and the price of admission is a gift which can be sold at the store. The tea is expected to attract considerable patronage, and it is confidently expected that as a result of it the Shop will have many new and interesting items which can be sold to add to their funds.

"People want to fix the world, when the fact of the matter is that the world is fixing them."—Henry Ford.

Recipes

COOL SALADS FOR WARM DAYS

By: Katharine Baker

On warm summer days there's nothing more appetizing than a cool, shimmering salad served on crisp green lettuce. It's one of those dishes you can approach enthusiastically and simply forget about the humidity.

This is something special in salads. Its combination of fresh fruits and vegetables provides contrast in colour and no end of "eye-appeal". And it's just as good to eat as it is to look at so the next time you're entertaining and want to give your guests something in keeping with the weather, try this Glazed Grapefruit Cup Salad.

Glazed Grapefruit Cup Salad

- 1 package lemon-flavored jelly-powder.
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 cup grapefruit juice and water
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
- 2 tablespoons oil
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Dash of pepper
- 2 cups diced apple
- 2 cups diced tomatoes
- 12 tips asparagus
- 2 cups diced grapefruit (sections free from membrane)

Dissolve jelly-powder in hot water. Add grapefruit juice and water, salt, and vinegar. Chill until slightly thickened. Combine oil, vinegar, salt, and pepper and mix well. Marinate apples, tomatoes, and asparagus by mixing each with 1/4 of this mixture. Let stand 15 minutes. Arrange diced fruit and vegetables in grapefruit shells, filling one third with apples, another third with tomatoes, and the remaining third with grapefruit. Stand asparagus tips in centre. When jelly-powder mixture is slightly thickened, pour into shells, filling them 3/4 full. Chill. When firm, pour over remaining jelly-powder, glazing surface well. Chill until firm. Serve on crisp lettuce. Serves 6.

"Imagination is the only door to a reality richer than dreamed of by the seeker after material wealth."—Theodore Dreiser.

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HALLIDAYS HAMILTON

Hydro Users!

THIS IS IMPORTANT

HYDRO CONSUMERS WILL FIND WITH THEIR NEXT BILL A PRINTED FORM WHICH YOU ARE REQUESTED TO READ CAREFULLY, FILL OUT AND RETURN TO THE HYDRO OFFICE. THE INFORMATION REQUESTED IS VERY NECESSARY IN ORDER THAT WE MAY INFORM THE GOVERNMENT DEFINITELY WHAT MATERIALS AND PARTS WE WILL REQUIRE TO KEEP YOUR APPLIANCES IN REPAIR.

GRIMSBY HYDRO SYSTEM

CANADIAN RED CROSS LOOKS AFTER 30,000

By GARRY ALLIGHAN

London — Thirty thousand children without fathers, home or country are being cared for here through the kindness of the Canadian public. They were snatched from under the Nazi jackboot as the Huns were invading the British Isles two years ago. They are the sons and daughters of the Channel Islanders who have been left behind as slaves for their German captors. Two years ago the children were playing happily in the sun-scorched fields of their little islands. Then the sky was darkened with the black crossed wings of the Nazi raiders and the soil of those ancient isles was fouled with the marching feet of the troops in field gray. A small flotilla of mercy ships raced across the channel to Britain carrying women and children away from the menacing invader.

That was two years ago this summer. Many children were accompanied by their mothers. Many others were entirely alone — their mothers had sent them to safety but had stayed behind to look after their menfolk. Thousands of children without father or mother were brought to Britain's shores and officialdom scratched a worried pate not knowing what to do with such a huge mobile orphanage. It was then that the Canadian Red Cross asserted itself with supreme distinction and threw around those little human derelicts the protecting arms of care and comfort. As each child landed he or she was rigged out in clothes and given foodstuffs which the people of Canada had provided.

"Outrivalled All"

That was two years ago and that code of compassion has operated ever since. During the past 12 months, 31,965 Red Cross garments have been distributed among those little exiles of the isles. "Canadian Red Cross outrivalled all in helping to solve the clothing problem," was the tribute of Right Hon. Lord Justice Du Parcq in the annual report just published. Herbert Morrison who is responsible for the Channel Islanders here, said to me, "By going to the assistance of these refugees the people of Canada demonstrated their deep sympathy in a practical manner. We are knit together by a thousand years of history during which period the people of the islands have rendered notable service to the crown as many are again doing today. We know the hearts of those in the islands are with us and the generous assistance of the Red Cross lets them know the heart of Canada is with them."

Hundreds of garments are sent weekly by the Canadian Red Cross to the central clothing store at Halifax, Yorkshire, which Mr. and Mrs. Hall administer without emolument. Shoes and garments made and given by the Canadian women and children are received, unpacked, sorted and sized in one wing. In the other, the little homeless Islanders come to be outfitted. The drain on Canadian Red Cross clothing gets greater because as the coupon system becomes tighter the British public cannot afford to give second-hand clothes away.

Wield Canadian Clothes

Canadian clothing is particularly appropriate for these French-speaking youngsters of the British Empire because they find the English climate much more severe than the balmy climate from which they have come and warm lumber jackets and thick coats from Canada can alone adjust the temperature of their blood. One woman, whose husband is now slaving in the German camps is existing on bread made from crushed beans, has just written the Canadian Red Cross saying: "I cannot possibly tell you how delighted we were to receive bed covers. Now we shall sleep in greater comfort than at any time since we left home. We were very anxious to see the Canadian Red Cross mark on the other garments because it was a French-Canadian soldier who gave your address to my little girl. Margaret changed into some of the things straightaway and went off in them to school. It was the first time since we left father that I have seen her look happy."

Send your contributions to your local Red Cross branch, Provincial Division, or to the headquarters of the Canadian Red Cross Society, 35 Wellesley St., Toronto, Ont.

"When a woman takes in washing for \$4 a day, that's labour. When she does it for nothing, that's love."

Youthful Shock Troops Manoeuvre In Grim Reality



Here is a group of high school cadets from the High School Cadet Camp near Bolton, who are staging a mock attack on that town with all the grim intent of their older brothers out on the "real thing." Grimsby high school cadets were recently at the Bolton camp, where they studied the rudiments of soldiering.

Honey Can Help Out The Sugar Situation

With sugar now rationed to half a pound per week per person, honey has an added value, for it can be used in many ways to replace sugar. Those who keep bees would do well to pay special attention to their care, says C. B. Gooderham, Dominion Apiarist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

The heavy honey flow season is now on. The important points in management now are to keep every available worker busy and to provide sufficient laying space for the queen to provide replacements.

To keep every worker busy there should be sufficient supers of drawn comb or full foundation ready for us when needed. In placing empty supers it is best to place them below a partly filled one. It is general practice also to add them as needed rather than two or three at a time.

When it is found that the queen has filled the brood chamber, a frame or two of capped brood can be raised to the super above. They should be replaced with fully drawn worker comb in the brood chamber.

Provision for fresh air by offsetting the supers a fraction of an inch is advisable in hot weather. Fresh water should be also be made available. If it is placed in an open pan a few chips of wood should float on the surface. In this way the bees can get it without drowning.

Extra care at this season of the year will be well repaid in extra stored honey.

REMOVAL OF IRON RAILS SEEMS LIKE DISLODGING OF SMUGNESS THOUGH GATES SHUT AT NIGHT

By MARGARET BUTCHER

READING, ENGLAND—So the Enemy is taking a new line with us now: Bunker Bombing. How futile it is! Somebody's psychology has gone wrong over there, I'm thinking. We jove our old buildings, but I can't imagine us calling "Balt!" Just in order to retain a certain established arrangement of stones and bricks and timber, can you? We may be a sentimental people on the quiet, but we aren't ineptly sentimental, I hope. And somehow, in my more fanciful moments, I can almost hear them saying — Exeter Cathedral, and the Roman Baths and York Minster—"Look here, people, don't mind us. You go ahead. We never expected to stand for ever, you know. And there will be chunks of us left, no matter what they do."

Yet it gives one a queer, unhappy stab this kind of news, quite apart from worry about friends. It all seems too outrageously improbable. I know York: I've lived near Exeter, and I spent my growing up years in Bath. Who could have dreamed of such things happening? Bath: prim, demure and comfortable, lying there in that green cup of the hills.

It's queer: there is no place I can think of as 'home.' I was trying to do so the other night, but that place doesn't exist. Perhaps it never will, though I'm still hoping! But Bath, perhaps, comes a little near it, for I was a student there. We were happy and miserable in turns; we worked and played hard; we began to form our ideas there, our arguments, our points of view. We made all sorts of pictures in our minds about the future... but never a picture like Bath today, with its air scars. Nobody ever thought of that. So how pleased I was to learn that Bath, like those other bombed towns, could 'take it' and as well as any! A trace of civic pride there, I think, don't you?

Old Days in Bath Bath folks must have rubbed their eyes sometimes in the old days, I'm sure. For instance, when we were to be seen, early on a chilly morning, running in a batch through the beautiful little park, training for our forthcoming paper-chance—with me, not to be outdone, pasting along beside the six-footers. I expect they thought we were all mad. Then they were forever coming upon us crouched on swivelling stools, our earnest faces amugged with paint or charcoal, perpetuating those old monuments. We were so untidy, too, I remember. There wasn't much time or chance to be very tidy, what with working twelve hours a day, struggling feverishly for scholarships, and getting through the prolonged agony of examinations—and feeling just a little ill for weeks at a time in our anxiety. But it was fun. In Bath — it is a famous old building that is now largely rubble. I hear—I went to my first real grown-up ball. Into the room I swept (I trust) in my first real ball gown with a fish-tail; secretly terrified of tripping over the thing, despite hours of secret practice. Life seemed to open up

that night, and I wondered what was ahead. Well, I know now... some of it. And it's been a great game. No Enemy can take that away, at least. There were lots of parties and dances, after that: for one learned how to get clean and behave like everybody else, under pressure. Maybe Bath, when it snakes down again, will be as correct as ever. I can't doubt it. There are things in Bath even more monumental than the monuments, believe me.

Real England Then Exeter: real England, that town I wonder how my friends have fared, poor dears? We so often wonder that these past two years. But so often they are all right, and we take comfort from that.

Exeter has romantic associations. There was a certain young man... Ah well! He must be a middle-aged old dear by now; and I must confess that, till this happened, I had not thought of him in a long while.

Yes, think on the most peaceful place you know, and then imagine it torn by horrors in the night. Then you will have some idea of the bewilderment one feels in remembering these old scenes, these quiet squares and gentle green parks and primrose-spattered lanes. I said we were sentimental, didn't I? But not too sentimental to put first things first.

We shall build monuments of our own when this is over; and in a few hundred years' time, maybe, humans will stare up at them and think of us as the most strenuous age of ours. As far as that goes, we could even rebuild some of the old ones, for we have this great advantage over the past—we have our photographs. Nobody knows quite what a Saxon village looked like, and we are worse than vague about what stood on the site of St. Paul's Cathedral, centuries ago; but, if we wished, we could copy most of the things we've treasured up to now. Yet I hope we shall first of all think of building things typical of our own age; why not? For this is history made—and appreciated.

A relative of mine, living near Bath, writes and tells me that she is sheltering three homeless people. She doesn't mean about it, or even make any comment. She simply states the fact, and finishes: 'Must be, naturally.' I am quite sure she, in her quiet country seclusion, with her nice house and her garden, never imagined that but life would take such a turn; she's risen to it grandly, bless her.

Now, with the coming of spring, there comes the 'Alerts.' Once again, at bedtime, one puts out the

thick coat, the gas-mask, the ready-packed suit-case, near at hand; and those who have shelters have made them all ready. And those shelters are no longer ugly bumps of sand and earth and stones, for flowers are growing on them. People feel that if they must see bumps in the garden they may as well be decorative. And why not? Sometimes there are noises and vibrations; sometimes the searchlights, swinging round, pierce the blackout and make the room almost as light as day; but with all these disquieting things there are lovely things as well. At last there is sunshine and warmth — and one had almost forgotten what the costliness of bodily warmth was like. During the day the blackbirds sing; a couple of sturdy lads, tree-top high, shouting defiance to each other across the garden. And today 'Gran' called me down to the garden, where we had 'a on the lawn with the sheep-dog whinnying with pleasure. At the end of a day like this one's last bedtime thought is, Well, if it's the last day I ever have it's been a good one. And can one feel more than that? I hardly think so.

The Allotment is awake again, with things pushing through the crusty earth. The biting north-east wind has fallen—at last—and the Gardening Partner, in an aura of furious grumbling, is enjoying himself hugely. All the little gardens down the avenue are beginning to shine with flowers and—best of all—the iron railings have disappeared. One can bless the munitions-man for that, at least. They always depressed me, those nasty little iron barriers, and squeaking little gates. Maybe their removal has a deep significance, after all! I am hoping so.

It is one thing to say that an Englishman's home is his castle, but it's another (and surely ridiculous?) thing to barricade the place. People with evil intentions, I fancy, are not to be kept out by paltry four-foot-high spikes; so what is the great thought behind these erections? I suspect that it is a relic of that curious, old-fashioned, small-home notion of 'keeping myself to myself,' so long a cherished ideal. Personally, I've never been able to see much more in it than a tacit disparagement of one's neighbours with a flavouring of personal conceit. Anyway, the railings have gone, and with them a lot of that dreadful, hideous smugness of the last century. The roads look wider, the houses humbler. True, the laurel and privet hedges remain, but there is something far more friendly about a hedge. It is a living thing, and not a bristling array of half-rusty bars.

Yes, I suspect that the disappearance of those railings is a portent; and it's taken a world war to bring it about. But it would! Here's to the tearing down of more railings, the violation of more smugness. We don't mind, now that it's happened; and anybody who knows our little Island will agree that there is a revolution of no mean order. There are no railings round the London parks now, and how well one remembers the time when they prickled with railings; not only on the boundaries but in every spot where citizens had the temerity to walk across the grass! Yet I am told (though I admit I don't know how true it is!) that the ceremony of locking the gates at night still persists.

1. is a diverting thought.

DO YOU REMEMBER TEN YEARS AGO

From the Files of July 27, 1932

Last week two robberies were reported to the Grimsby police. The premises of William Croce were entered and a bicycle stolen while at the home of P. E. Tregunno across the street, the cellar was entered and some food taken. It is reported that the latter residence was also robbed just a few days previously.

On Friday last G. W. Crittenden, Geo. Holmes, F. E. Dalton and A. W. Eickmeier, of Grimsby Beach, spent the day Trout Fishing in Georgian Bay. They engaged Mr. William Braethwaite's boat of Meaford. They were successful in landing a fine catch, about ninety pounds. A. W. Eickmeier landed one beauty measuring 37 inches in length, and weighing 18 lbs. 10 ozs, this being 4 ozs. heavier than the largest trout caught during 1931, and 4 lbs. 2 ozs. heavier than the next best caught this season. Mr. Eickmeier may get the trophy for 1932 season. Here's hoping.

Rev. M. A. Earchman, B.A., D.D., the new minister of Trinity United Church Grimsby, will commence his pastorate here on Sunday next when it is anticipated large congregations will be in attendance.

Mr. R. J. Marsh, the general manager of Niagara Packers Ltd. who recently returned from a business trip to the west, states that prospects for the fruit market there appear especially promising, the people being highly optimistic. The west has had wonderful growing weather and the crops, according to reports given him, are the best in years. He stated that things looked bright in Winnipeg.

Carman (Doc) Millyard has his lacrosse boys tuned up to the fighting point and each game shows improvement and Geo. Doucet, the manager, and coach, says his team is certainly a different team than when they started.

Rev. George K. B. Adams, former pastor of the St. Paul Street United Church, St. Catharines and for the past four years retired, passed away early Tuesday morning at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) C. W. Elmore, Beamsville, following an illness of several months' duration.

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TAIL-WAGGER CHATS

DULL MEN MAKE DULL DOGS

Why Not Talk To Dogs?

By PHILOKUON

AS I was strolling along, chatting to my dog in the inconsequential pidgin English that seems to be appropriate to such occasions, a young girl passed me with a grin on her face. "Sorry I overheard a private conversation," she remarked, "but I really could not help it." "I hope you don't think me a congenital idiot," I said. "On the contrary," was the reply. "I thought you were doing it rather well. I always talk to my own dog in the same way, and he loves it. If I remain preoccupied for a while without talking to him, he nudges me with his nose or pats me with his paw as if to ask what was the matter."

Brutus having been introduced, and the girl assured that he was a Tail-Wagger, as hers was and as all good dogs should be she asked if she might walk with me and have a doggy chat. "You see," she explained, "I know you if you don't know me because I have watched you judging at dog shows." Although she was quite knowledgeable, I was able to tell her a few things that interested her. She agreed with me in thinking that dull men make dull dogs, the dogs taking their cue from their masters. The remark brought to mind the sad case of a Fox Terrier that at one show made a sensation and walked away with all the honours that could be bestowed upon him by an appreciative judge. Having admired him immensely, I decided to watch his career. He was entered for another show a few months later, and as his class came into the ring I looked for him unsuccessfully, and asked a friend if he was absent. "No, He's over there," and he pointed to a corner in which stood a dejected-looking dog with an equally dejected-looking handler. I remarked upon the change that had come over the terrier. "What do you expect with such a handler?" my neighbour asked. He was right; the man stood silently without saying a word to the dog or encouraging him to show himself.

Naturally, that was not quite the same thing as conversing with our own dogs in private life, but it serves to point a moral. The chances are that your dog will adapt himself to your moods. If you regard him as a chattel and not a friend, a something that will guard your home or trot dully at your heel, you will be failing to make the most of the companionable qualities inherent in the majority of dogs. You might as well have a robot for all the interest he is in your life, and you will not be giving him a square deal. Your dog has a right to all the happiness that life can bring him without having a lot of sloppy sentimentality wasted on him.

Talking to him develops his intelligence, and promotes his contentment, giving him a sense of intimacy that would otherwise be denied him. If you talk to him when out walking he will be far more likely to follow at heel than if you take no notice of him.

NOTE.—This chat is issued by The Tail-Waggers' Club, Willing House, 225-260 Grays Inn Road, London, W.C.1. The Club will be pleased to answer any enquiries submitted by Tail-Wagger owners in connection with canine hygiene and welfare.

Has the baby been practicing his new teeth on the piano legs? Or maybe it was the puppy. Camphorated oil will darken and help to conceal the marks on the polished wood, or if the wood is dark, kholine may be used.

That One Word 'Immediate' Means Plenty Of Action To Nazi-Hunting Naval Officers

Canadian Officers Ready At Moment's Notice To Leap Into 'Hornets of The Sea'

Wartime needs for security have prevented much being written about the deeds of young Canadian officers serving with the Royal Navy in British waters. In motor torpedo boats and gunboats they put out from their bases "to seek out and engage the enemy". German E-boats, minesweepers, destroyers, and even a cruiser and two battleships have been engaged by "sea-hornets" in which Canadian officers are serving. Following is a description of the work of these officers, showing their instant readiness to fight... and how they fight.

By LIEUT. E. H. BARTLETT, R.C.N.V.R.

For one word, it produced an immense flurry of action. Three Canadian naval officers were sitting before a fire in a room at an English naval base, enjoying a before-bedtime chat. They were Lieutenants J. D. Maitland and J. A. McCutcheon of Vancouver and C. Burk of Montreal.

The chat was broken by a peremptory knock at the door. A girl of the Women's Royal Naval Service called out: "Immediate." Action was instantaneous. Two of the officers, without apology or explanation, bolted from the room to their own, nearby. The third, the owner of the room, started to strip even before the door had opened for their departure. With practiced speed he donned heavy woolen underwear, thick sweaters and flannel trousers, sea-boot stockings and wool-lined leather boots. A canvas coat, reaching to his knees, and a woolen toque and he was dressed for the action with the enemy which that one word "immediate" had promised.

Blocking Enemy Ports In other "cabins" brother officers had imitated his actions. In a matter of minutes they were assembling in the hall of the officers' quarters ready to operate some of the deadly "mosquito craft" which counter the hit-and-run tactics of the German E-boats and share in the task of blocking the enemy ports.

"Mosquito craft" is rather an out-of-date title for the motor torpedo boats and the motor launches of this war. Rather may they be termed the hornets of the sea, for their sting is vicious and lethal, as there are sunken enemy craft to prove. And, like hornets, they are always in readiness to swarm to the attack.

The word "immediate" set their base humming like a hornet's nest. While some of the officers went to their boats, the commanding officers gathered at the operations room to await final orders and gain as clear a picture as possible of what had caused them into instant readiness.

There was action at sea. Some of their boats, outnumbered, were engaging an enemy E-boat unit. They had reported the fact by wireless.

Such actions are swift and furious. The sea-hornets are the fastest craft afloat, and action can spread over miles of sea in the course of minutes. Against the possibility that the action might spread in their direction, and give them a chance to join in, the boats and their crews were standing by.

Chance For Action

In the operations room the commanding officers were greeted by the officer in charge.

"Sorry to call you chaps out," said the operations officer, "but there's an off-chance we might have a spot of action."

On the walls of the small room



LIEUT. J. D. MAITLAND, R.C.N.V.R., ON BRIDGE OF HIS SEA HORNET

in which he stood his watch, be-fagged charts were the only decoration. There was a desk, two telephones, table, with a few papers. One easy chair before a small fire, a bed, not slept in that night and, to complete the furnishings, a couple of chairs. A room not for comfort, a room as "tidy" efficient as the men who use it.

"This is the picture," said the operations officer, and told of the interception by "some of our chaps" of a much larger enemy unit. He gave the figure. He gave the position where the engagement started.

"So far," the report concluded, "that's all we know. You'd better sit down, and we'll get some tea."

A Canadian officer sidled toward the bed and, removing his canvas coat, quickly stretched full length upon it. He's an experienced campaigner and knows how to make the most of every moment of rest.

Everyone Relaxes

An English lieutenant stretched himself in the easy chair. In a matter of moments he was asleep. The others found their own methods of relaxation.

The ringing of the telephone, however, brought them quickly to the alert. The operations officer took the message, his face unreadable and his only comment a "Thank you" as it concluded.

"Another signal through," he told them. "It reads, 'Enemy driven northward. Am chasing.'"

"Good show, what?" said the Canadian, who has gained some of the English idiom although he has lost nothing of his own accent.

"I've got a good moon for it, about a good moon for it," added the senior officer of the unit, a Royal Navy lieutenant. Square-jawed, steady-eyed, he had shown no sign of relaxing during the period waiting.

There was another settling down, broken once more by the telephone's ring.

Chased Them Home

"No further contacts. Stopped off... read the signal this time. The port off which the British craft had stopped was an enemy port."

The English officer murmured commendation: "Chased the so-and-so's right back home."

"It looks as if you could go home, too" broke in the operations officer, "there just isn't going to be any fun for you tonight."

The original force, outnumbered as it had been, had handled the situation without need of assistance.

From a Canadian officer, (Lieutenant George F. Duncan, R.C.N.V.R., Montreal) came the other view of the picture, when, on his return to his base, he told of the action.

Before the war he had been a chartered accountant. Before the war, too, he had seen the need of

preparing for it and, as an officer in the supplementary reserve in Montreal, had taken preliminary training. In Great Britain, shortly after the outbreak of war, that training had been intensified, with special attention to what would fit him for work with the sea-hornets.

His account of the action was concise to the point of baldness.

They Laid No Mines

"Quite a straightforward affair," he declared. "We were out on an ordinary patrol, and these Jerries came out to lay mines. So we went into them. Opened up with all we had and saw one of them burst into flames, although he got them out pretty quickly. I must say. It was a short affair, for they turned tail right away and streaked back for home. We chased after them, but couldn't get contact again. There was quite a bumpy sea, and that didn't help. However, we know we didn't do them any good, because we managed to get quite a few hits. And what is more, they didn't lay any of their ruddy mines, either."

Make Check On Vegetable Garden

In midsummer there are spots in the vegetable garden that have lost the freshness they had a few weeks before. It is a good plan at this time of the year to make a check up. Early crops such as radish and spinach that may be passing to the seed stage should be removed, not only to prevent an unnecessary drain on the plant foods in the soil, but to eliminate an ideal breeding ground for cutworms and other insect pests, say Alan O. Duntan, in charge of Insect Investigations, Dominion Department of Agriculture. Cabbage plants should be dusted to control imported cabbage worm larvae. Dusting with arsenate of lead at the rate of two teaspoons to one pound of hydrated lime or low grade wheat flour is recommended. A handy dust can be made by pinching a few holes in the lid of a tin container. Paris green is also suitable to use for dusting. It should be used in the proportion of one teaspoon to one pound of hydrated lime or flour. Cauliflowers can be given the same treatment as cabbage. After the heads form in the cauliflowers it is better to use pyrethrum powder at the rate of one part to four of flour. It is advisable to pull rhubarb in the late summer so as to enable the plant to store a reserve of plant food within the root for next year.

In order to secure good seed of suitable varieties, some tomato growers mark their best plants and later save the seed by selection.

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Third spray. To prevent brown rot.

Spray 3 to 4 weeks before picking. Use a Wettable Sulphur (no poison), or dust with Sulphur. This will improve the carrying and keeping qualities of the fruit.

If the weather is warm and wet, while the fruit is ripening, dust with sulphur or spray with a Pre-Pick Wettable Sulphur shortly before picking.

Do not use sprays containing sulphur during extremely hot weather (temperatures of 85 degrees or higher).

PLUMS

To prevent brown rot. On varieties subject to brown rot, spray with Lime Sulphur 1-50 2 weeks before picking. Spray again with a Pre-Pick Wettable Sulphur shortly before picking.

BLACK CURRANTS

After the fruit is picked, spray with Bordeaux 2-4-40 where leaf spot is in evidence.

APPLES

To control codling moth. (1) — Spray schedule for orchards heavily infested with codling moth—Fifth Cover Spray.

Spray 12-14 days after the last application. Use 1 lb. Black Leaf 155 to 40 gals. of 1/2% White Oil Emulsion.

Where scab is very prevalent add 1/2 lb. Coposil or C.O.C.S. and 1/2 lb. Hydrated Lime to 40 gals.

(2) — In orchards where the regular spray calendar has been followed and where sulphur sprays have been employed; use 1 1/2 lb. Black Leaf 155 to 40 gals. water.

Reproduced from The Bristol (Eng.) Evening Post

A Picture to Remember...



THIS little boy was last seen running about in the sunshine and the beauty of his native city—Bath. When this picture was taken in Bristol yesterday he was making a gallant fight for life. Yes, this tiny atom of English childhood was fighting back against the brutish, inhuman Hun who dropped a bomb indiscriminately, killing helpless women and children and destroying homes.

TO-DAY THIS CHILD DIED—ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE INSANE HATE OF THE NAZI.

This picture—one of the most poignant of the war—should be sent to every German mother.

This child—brought into hospital without a name, without a father, brother or sister to mourn him—has died. He may be buried in a nameless grave.

Look at this picture—then determine to do all you can to hasten the day when such dreadful deeds can never again be done.

The clipping from a British newspaper is startling proof of the ruthlessness of current German air attacks on men, women and children in Great Britain. The Evening Telegram British War Victims' Fund and its hundreds of thousands of supporters are dedicated to ease the suffering of those who suffer. That's why yesterday's contributions, listed on page 12, amount to \$1,144.07 and made possible a grand total to date of \$1,900,000.

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WANTED — By Ogilvie Beauty Salon, girl to do shampooing and to answer telephone to start August 17th. Apply by letter to P.O. Box 592, Grimsby. 2-1c

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FOR RENT — Two rooms furnished or unfurnished. Apply 19 Livingston Ave. 2-3p

FOR RENT — Apartment to rent, Village Inn, Mountain Street entrance, August 1st. Apply Village Inn. 2-1c

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12:10 p.m.	3:15 p.m.
4:10 p.m.	7:15 p.m.
8:30 p.m.	11:10 p.m.

(Eastern Daylight Saving Time)
Tickets and information at Kummacher's Restaurant PHONE 466

GRAY COACH LINES

THE LAW OFFICE

— of —

HAROLD B. MATCHETT

Will Be Closed From August 4th to August 20th

While Mr. Matchett is on Vacation

HIGH SCHOOL
CARETAKER
WANTED

Apply in writing to Mr. E. J. Muir, Secretary Board of Education.

Appointment to be made first week in August.

New Power to Move War Traffic



THIRTY-five fast and powerful locomotives of the latest type are rolling out of the shops to speed up war traffic over the Canadian National Railway. R. C. Vaughan (right), President of the National System, accompanied by John Roberts, Chief of Motive Power and Car Equipment (left), and other officers, inspected the first of these engines. The president was keenly interested in the cab interior which includes new features designed by Mr. Roberts and members of the Motive Power staff.

Toronto Girl

(Continued from page 1)
bushes are in bloom. Now that they have gone it continues to be beautiful because of the presence in its fields and orchards of the flowers of our Ontario young womanhood. If your young farmers and fruit-growers have the discerning eyes that I suspect they have, some of these summer flowers may return to make this Garden of Ontario their permanent home.

JOHN A. MARSH
Deputy Minister of Labour
The functions of the Ontario Department of Labour are many and varied.

One of the most important is that of maintaining peace in industrial employment, and during these days when Canada and the United Nations are struggling to win the war, we must see to it that the men behind the men behind the guns are kept steadily employed in sufficient numbers in order that the tools of war may be provided in ever increasing quantities.

Increasing number of both men and women are required for the armed forces.

These demands for man-power for the army, as well as for industry, have created great difficulty in finding sufficient help to harvest our farm crops.

Canada must feed her own soldiers, and must produce food for all her people, who are employed in war industry.

As a matter of fact, we must produce on our farms nearly all the food required to feed the Canadian people, and in addition, it is expected that we produce in very large quantities for export to the British Isles, and eventually to those countries overrun by our enemies.

Therefore, I want to congratulate most earnestly the farmers, who have responded so nobly in such numbers that one may look to the future in confidence for the cultivation and harvesting of the farm crops of this Province during the year 1942.

A. D. ARMSTRONG
Chairman, Growers' Committee, Queenston.

On behalf of the Niagara Peninsula growers I welcome this opportunity to pay tribute to the Farm Service Force girls. We are deeply grateful to the girls, and the staff personnel, the Y.W.C.A., the

ball game, so he followed the "Doc's" orders and the result was great.

Randall caught the game, and for the first time in twenty-four years' Grimsby beat Beamsville at a game of baseball.

There was much rejoicing in town that night and "Doc" Graham took full advantage of the great cure, selling a lot of Wizard Oil.

The following month he was in Markham and told one Friday night of how he had saved the day in Grimsby by curing a sprained thumb, telling the circumstances and giving Randall's name. On the following day a man arrived at Grimsby Park who had been in Markham the night before, and his first inquiry from George Scott, the bus driver, was whether there was such a man as Frank Randall, and if the story was true. "Yes," he said. "I wanted to know if that old cure was lying or not." He was assured of the truth of the statement.

At Moore's Theatre

Appearing at Moore's Theatre on Wednesday and Thursday August 5 and 6 is the film "Moontide" produced by Darryl Zanuck and starring Jean Gabin, noted French actor widely known to habitués of foreign-language theatres and now about to become widely known to the regulars, and supported by such stars as Ida Lupino, Thomas Mitchell and Claude Rains.

Under the excellent direction of Archie Mayo, the story takes place in a harbor town, showing how Gabin converts himself from a care-free, two-fisted drinker into sober citizenry born of his love for Ida Lupino, herself a devoted mother, almost beaten young woman. Mitchell supplies the villainy and meets his death by drowning; Rains furnishes the homely philosophies. It is not nearly so much a case of story which is sufficient, at the best, as it is of maturity and skill in the departments of acting, direction, mood and production. "Moontide" is more than good; it is very good.

of the young ladies have surprised my most sanguine expectations. Most sincerely I thank you on behalf of the farmers whom you are serving; I thank you on behalf of the Government of Ontario; and may I say too, that just as your Canadian brothers are serving in His Majesty's Forces, so you are performing a similar patriotic service in the Army of Production. The months that lie ahead will witness young women called upon to do a multiplicity of farm jobs as never before. May I ask that you solicit others to join you in your unselfish service.

CHICAGO RAIL CENTRE IS WORLD'S-GREATEST

Chicago is credited with being the world's greatest railway centre. It is served by twenty-one Class 1 railroads, including the Canadian National Railways, and fourteen switching and terminal companies which operate 8,000 miles of track in the Chicago terminal district. More than 3,000 passengers and freight trains enter or leave the city daily. Canadian rail interests have been established in Chicago for more than 60 years and every day fast freight and passenger trains of the Canadian National Railways move in and out in local and international service.

Notice to Customers

OGLIVIE BEAUTY SALON WILL BE CLOSED FOR TWO WEEKS—AUGUST 1st to 15th.

Signed,

Fay Eamber, Prop.

NEW TIME LIMITS ON BUS
COMMUTATION TICKETSTravel In
Mid-Week

Help avoid unnecessary crowding during week-ends when hundreds of the armed forces are travelling on leaves.

Travel In
Off-Peak Hours

Leave every available seat in rush periods for war workers. Both you and they will travel in greater comfort.

Effective Saturday, August 1st, Commutation Tickets issued by the Canada Coach Lines will be good only for the following periods:

12 Trip Tickets - 10 Days
25 Trip Tickets - 20 Days

No refunds will be made on Commutation Tickets purchased after July 22nd, 1942. Commutation Tickets are not transferable, and must be used entirely by the owner of the book. Commutation Tickets are sold only at ticket offices, not by bus drivers. For further information consult—

C. D. MILLARD — Phone 1



Engagement

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Merritt, Grimsby wish to announce the engagement of their daughter, Clover Marguerite, to Charles Wesley, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Peterson, Grimsby. Wedding to take place August 29th, at 4 p.m. in St. John's Presbyterian Church.

Coming Event

See-we-Knit Red Cross Group offers three Prize Drawings shown at Model Dairy. Tickets 10 cents each, 3 for 25 cents, at Model Dairy and Kammacher's.

Born

McMARE — At Mount Hamilton Hospital, on Friday, July 24, 1942, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles McMARE (formerly Gladys Lunt), of Grimsby, a son (Charles Lynn).

MOORE'S
THEATRE

FRIDAY - SATURDAY
JULY 31 & AUGUST 1

"True To The
Army"

Judy Canova, Allan Jones, Ann Miller

"Road In India"

"Lure Of The Surf"

"The Witness"

MON. - TUES., AUG. 3 - 4

"Ball Of Fire"

Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck

"Disney Cartoon"

WED. - THUR., AUG. 5 - 6

"Moontide"

Jean Gabin, Ida Lupino, Claude Rains

"Fox Movietone News"

"Flying Fever"